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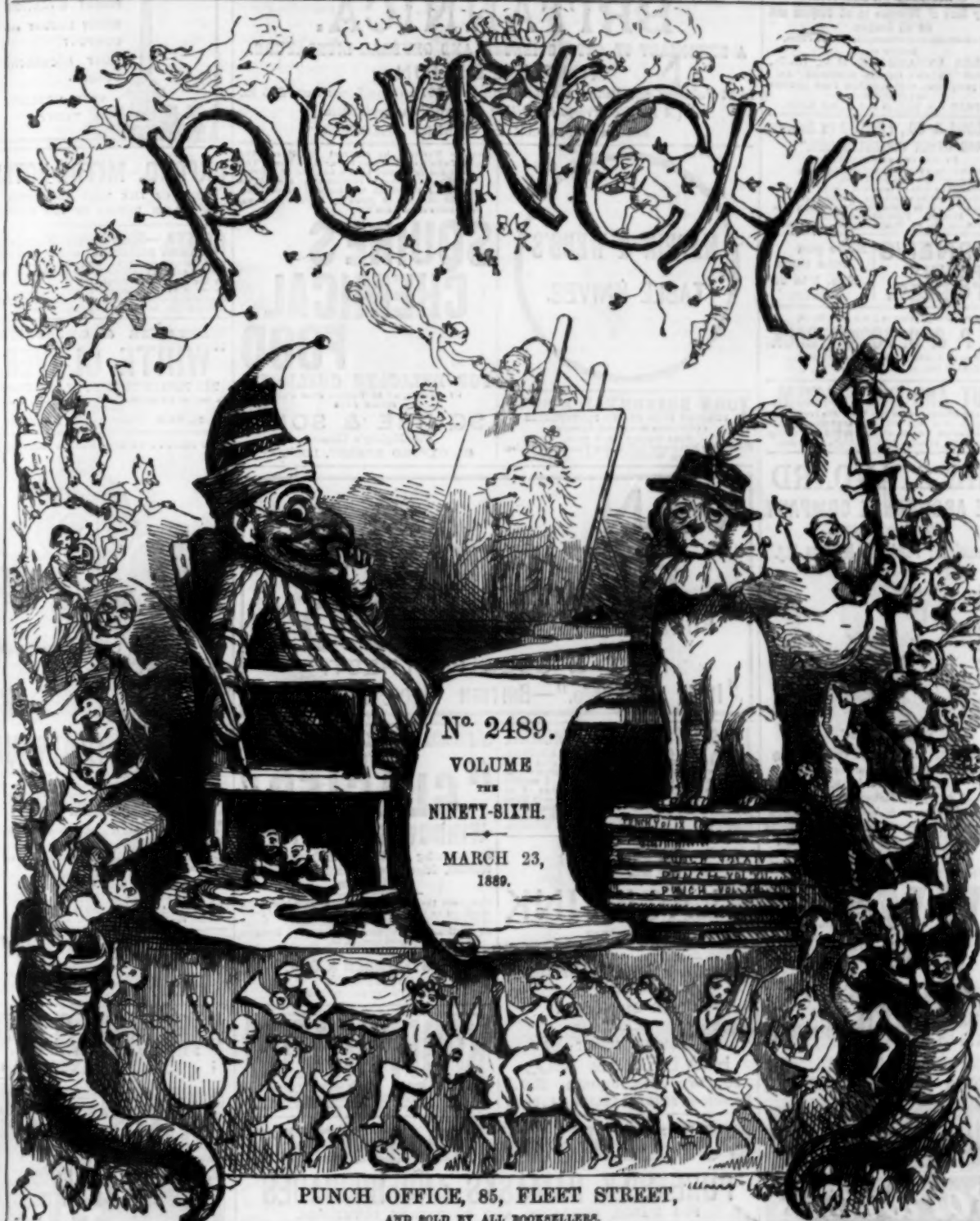
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ON COMMISSION.

Tuesday, March 12th.—Those who had come to see those eminent Counsel, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. LOCKWOOD, must have been disappointed as neither of my learned friends put in an appearance, during the whole day. However, my learned friends, laughter-leading and fiery, were admirably represented by Mr. R. T. REID, a gentleman of infinite jest and judgment, and consequently the appropriate spokesman in Parliament of the rollicking borough of Dumfries. The artists of the illustrated papers were also in attendance, ready to seize upon, for pictorial embellishment, such striking incidents as "Mr. GEORGE LEWIS drops his eyeglass," or "Mr. HARDCASTLE, the accountant, examines the bankers' pass-book," or to give a carefully-finished sketch (that, if executed, would have a distinct historical value) of "Mr. CUNNINGHAM, the Secretary, attentively reads a letter asking for seats." By the way, it seems



Sudden appearance of a Mysterious Stranger on the Bench.

a pity that the artists in question do not now and again depict subjects a little more sensational. For instance, on this occasion, a visitor appeared conspicuously on the Bench, whose identity no one could ascertain. It was suggested that he might be a Judge.

"Not one of our lot," said an official of the Court.

"Nor an Irish Judge either," returned a gentleman of the Press, who, from the purity of his accent, I imagine, must have been an Englishman born in Dublin.

If the Bar for the defence was weak in members, the *Times* was exceptionally well represented. All the leaders were present; and it was a touching sight to see Mr. ATTORNEY offering to assist Sir HENRY JAMES to examine a Witness. My learned and right hon. friend, the Ex-Home Secretary, however, seemed to me a little ungrateful when he asked the Senior Law Officer of the Crown to elect to keep silence, or to examine the Witness all by himself. The feature of the sitting was the committal of this very Witness to gaol for contempt of Court. The man was rightly described as



Taking a little Coffey.

his was a case of intimidation of the worst sort." The fellow's name was COFFEY—a fact that, I fancy, suggested a thought to Mr. Justice DAY (a thought that, if it ever existed, however, was never revealed) that "COFFEY, in prison, would be suited to a T!"

Wednesday.—Unquestionably a great day for Ireland. In the

first instance my learned and erudite friend, Mr. MURPHY, Q.C., had an opportunity of declaring to the world in general, and to Mr. ATTORNEY in particular, that the 17th of March was the date of the *fête* of St. Patrick. Encouraged by this valuable assistance, to be generous to others, Sir RICHARD, in his turn, once more gave Sir HENRY JAMES the benefit of his support and advice, when my right hon. friend the ex-Home Secretary had a Witness under examination. It is needless to say that Sir HENRY made suitable acknowledgment of the kindness. The second time "Ould Ireland" scored, was when Mr. BIGGAR, representing himself (and really no better representative could be possibly found for so difficult a rôle) showed how much was lost to the Bar, and even the Bench, by the Hon. "apparition in person" (if I may use such a term) not having qualified for the Lord High Chancellorship. On two distinct occasions, Mr. BIGGAR was well to the fore, obtaining results that must have filled him with (perhaps) surprise, and (no doubt) sincere gratification. The rest of the morning was taken up with the last of the *Times* Witnesses, tempered with the occasional appearance of Mr. SOAMES, as a sort of forensic Chorus, explaining everything to everyone's entire satisfaction. I was glad to see during the sitting my ever-courteous friend, Mr. CUNNINGHAM, also seizing an opportunity for personal distinction. It having become necessary to produce a letter, the Secretary set to work to hunt it up, and during the interesting process managed to give quite a little entertainment. Mr. CUNNINGHAM, by his expression, (while engaged in the search), contrived to suggest anxiety, doubt, sorrow, hope, determination, despair, and ultimately triumph. When the letter was at length run to cover (in a portfolio), Mr. CUNNINGHAM produced it with the air of a conjuror, who, after piquing curiosity by several simulated failures, finally draws from a seemingly empty hat an unexpected bundle containing a loaf of bread, a wig, a bird-cage, and a pair of infantine leggings.

It was not until after the midday adjournment that the case of the *Times* concluded. Then it was that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL (who had been away during the morning, leaving my learned friends, Messrs. REID and ASQUITH, to represent the accused during his absence), rose to put several questions to the Bench. He asked would the Commissioners make any interim report. "No," courteously explained the President, on behalf of himself and colleagues, "they would not," on the principle (so I understood), that it is bad in law to make two bites at a cherry. Then Sir CHARLES explained the great possibilities of expansion the inquiry possessed. He made a calculation, which seemed to suggest that, under certain pleasing and favourable circumstances, the Commissioners might be invited to sit, "it might be for years, it might be for ever." He assured their Lordships that he was well aware that, if necessary, they would willingly assent to such an arrangement. No doubt he was right in his assumption, but, as a matter of fact, the Commissioners gazed into vacancy as they listened to this merited recognition of their devotion to duty with a stare painfully eloquent of the strongest emotion. My learned friends for the *Times* also looked



Rather a Black look-out.

rather black. Then Sir CHARLES held out a brighter prospect. If they might adjourn until Tuesday fortnight, he fancied that he would be able to so arrange the case for "what he might term" the defence, that a great portion of it might receive development by the Easter Vacation. He (with the consent of his learned friends) would be the only Counsel to open the case. He laid a stress upon the word "counsel" no doubt with a view to leaving Mr. BIGGAR the opportunity of making an oration, the eloquence of which might live in the memories of generations yet to come. With a sigh of either sorrow or relief (I cannot say which), the Commissioners immediately assented, and the Court stood adjourned until the 2nd of April—the morrow of a festival that to many present had possibly a certain weird significance.

Thus my note ends. Whether I shall reopen it depends upon the claims that my clients may advance to my time and attention, as I (like the rest of the Bar) have made it a golden rule never to accept retainers to be in two or more places at once.

Pump-handle Court.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



QUITE AT HOME.

Madame La France. "AH! MONSIEUR, SOYEZ LE BIENVENU!"

M. le Duc. "ET—SANS ADIEU, CETTE FOIS, J'ESPÈRE."

Le Brav' Général. "ENCHANTÉ, MONSIEUR! À BIENTÔT, MADAME."

[Il se souve.]

"Arcades Ambo—blackguards both."

SOME of the amenities of the Kennington electors are worth notice, as specimens of political polemics. A (supposed) Radical abstracted Mr. BERESFORD HOPE's watch. By way, perhaps, of retort-uncourteous, a (believed to be) Conservative threw a lump of "concrete" at Mr. BEAUFOY. Whether the "abstract" argument or the "concrete" one be the worse or weaker, it is hard to say; but at any rate neither is conclusive—save of the irrational ruffianism of the rascals who used them.

REFRESHMENT FOR SPECIAL COMMISSION.—COFFEY, real Mocker, roasted by Sir HENRY JAMES, Q.C.

A Philosophic Reflection for Impatient Patriots.

SINCE Faction, ever on the wing,
Vents folly in and out of season,
The most unreasonable thing
Is to expect it to show reason.

MR. STANHOPE says that the Ordnance Department are at last on their mettle, and are going to make up for lost time. It is to be hoped, for the sake of avoiding disappointments, that the material may not prove identical with that from which they have latterly been undertaking to supply the country with its big guns.



THE COMING EXHIBITIONS.

Smudger (who thought he really would "score" with his Landscape this year). "Now, what ought I to get for it?"

Art Critic (Candid Friend). "THREE MONTHS!"

[And pulls it all to pieces!]

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.
TENTH EVENING.

"ONE evening last year," began the Moon, "I looked down into a school where they were giving away the prizes. The school staff sat in a row on a platform, and as the Head Master read out the names, one by one, of the boys who had obtained rewards, each came up blushing to receive it from the honoured guest of the evening, generally stumbling at the top step, and marching back amidst



handclapping from his schoolfellows and the visitors. At last one boy was called up, and the Chairman shook hands with him as usual, and presented him with the largest and handsomest prize of all—but, curiously enough, no applause followed from his schoolfellows, and as he made his way back to his seat beside his parents, there was a distinct sound of hissing. His father looked indignantly all round him through his gold spectacles, and his mother patted his hand, and admired the binding of the volume, which had the school arms on it in gold, but the boy did not seem to care to open it, as he sat there with burning

cheeks, while a little girl, who was in a seat some way behind, looked at him with pitying and curious eyes. After the prize-giving there were performances, and I saw them all from beginning to end. The boys dressed up like real actors, and acted scenes from plays in Latin and Greek, at which their parents, though they did not understand a single word, were thoroughly delighted, for it showed that their sons were receiving a really good education and fitting themselves to succeed in life. But the visitors whose sons were not acting thought the performance dull. The last play was in English, and in this the boy who had won the biggest prize took the principal part. All the visitors were delighted with him, for he looked very handsome and gallant in his stage-dress, and spoke his lines boldly and clearly; but his school-fellows made a point of applauding everybody else, and when he was called before the curtain, there was hissing to be heard again from the back benches. The little girl, who had asked her brother the reason of this unkindness, was told in a whisper that it was suspected in the school that the boy had won his prize unfairly, and that was why they were hissing.

"When it was all over and the visitors were going away, I happened to look down on the playground, and there, by the five's courts, still wearing his gay dress, I saw the prize-winner who had been hissed. And the little girl must have seen him too and managed to slip away, for, as I was looking, she came out, looking rather shy and strange, and went straight up to him. 'I just wanted to tell you,' I heard her say to him, 'not to mind a

bit what those horrid boys say. I don't believe you cheated!'

"But he broke away without a word, leaving her standing there puzzled and a little offended—for he *had* cheated, and that was the worst of it!"

"NOW, SIR!"

When a crass Sir Oracle
Vents his bumptious Big-Bow-Wow, Sir,
Everyone his class may tell
By his frequent use of "Now, Sir!"

When your platform Boanerges
Rants forth what he calls a "rouser,"
Every pointless "point" he urges
Starts with an emphatic "Now, Sir!"

When a fool "writes to the Papers,"
("ANTI-HUMBUS," "VINDEK," "TOW-
SER"),

Volubly he struts and vapours,
And his "note" 's the frequent "Now, Sir!"

Was there ever pompous prig
Swelled a shirt-front, hitched a trouser,
But conceived it brave and big
To belard his bosh with "Now, Sir!"?

Whilst a bumptious bore has breath,
Vanity finds vent, somehow, Sir,
And the Noodle's Shibboleth
Is the fierce thrasonic "Now, Sir!"

PLEA FOR POLITICAL OFFENDERS.—High Treason being the highest crime known to the law, therefore let everybody convicted of it be treated as a First-class Misdemeanant.

DUE SOUTH.

Still at Monte Carlo—After the Battle of Flowers—Return to the Casino.

BYNGLEIGH comes up to me at the table. He is a small man with a sharp shrewd manner, and a glittering eye,—strictly speaking, two glittering eyes. He is building a villa at Monte Carlo—that is, he is building it with the assistance of an architect and gangs of workmen, and from being accustomed to deal, in his London house of business, with a large number of employees, to whom his every word is law, and with chiefs of various departments who do not attempt even to discuss his suggestions, he has acquired the habit of excoagitating complicated problems of trade in half a second, seeing all the pros and cons of a scheme at a glance like a First



"Messieurs, faites le jeu!"

Napoleon, and of giving his orders with the same promptitude and decision that characterised the commands of the Iron Duke. His word, nay, even his opinion, is as the very concentrated essence of the spirit of the laws of the Medes and Persians. He stands behind me and closely follows the progress of the game.

"Well," he says in his crisp chirrupy manner, with his head a little on one side, addressing me, while he never takes his eyes off the board, "Well, what are you doing?" Now at this minute, I am hesitating whether I shall put on the *six premiers* or the sixteen *en plein*. "No good going on numbers," remarks BYNGLEIGH, curtly; "you won't do anything at that. Go on red." But I point out to him that on red you can win only the amount you stake.

"Well, he returns, "if you do that often enough, you'll make a good lot."

"No," I reply, with dogged determination, "I've made up my mind to go on the first six."

"I shouldn't," he says, decisively. But I do. "*Messieurs, faites le jeu! . . . Rien ne va plus!*" and I've lost.

"Told you so," says BYNGLEIGH, with a dry laugh, and shrugging his shoulders as much as to say, "if you will insist on running contrary to my advice, you know what to expect."

I quote to him the authority of SMITHSON, an old hand. SMITHSON, I remind him, advised me to put on the first six, the last dozen, and zero. "Oh, SMITHSON doesn't know everything," retorts BYNGLEIGH.

This I admit is true; but still, having trusted to SMITHSON, and SMITHSON having been right,—and if I had only stuck to what he told me, I should have been by now a richer and a gayer man,—I am a little hurt to hear SMITHSON's advice so contemptuously treated by BYNGLEIGH. I can't help telling him that SMITHSON has played here for years over and over again, and that—

Here BYNGLEIGH cuts me short by saying authoritatively,

"It's no use dodging about the table. You put on the red,—that's the best game."

No, I beg his pardon, I will put on the 16 to 21 "*transversal*," and also back the middle dozen.

It turns up "three, red," which is neither in my transversal nor in the middle dozen, and I lose on both. If I had stuck to my "*six premiers*" I should have won five times my stake, and only lost the middle dozen one.

"But it was red," says BYNGLEIGH, persistently.

Yes, it was; but I shall stick to the numbers. I like transversal. I like the *quatre premiers*, which includes zero, for which you get, as I explain to him, eight times your stake, and this time I shall go on the four first and the middle dozen.

"I wouldn't," says BYNGLEIGH, shortly. "I should go on the red."

I put my five-franc piece on the middle dozen, then, by an inspiration, on "*impair*," and finally I am just saying to the *croupier*, in my sweetest and politest manner,—nay, the words are actually on the tip of my tongue—"Les quatre premiers, s'il vous plaît," when BYNGLEIGH jogs my elbow and draws my attention to a large amount which somebody is putting on the red, and, by an otherwise utterly unaccountable *lapsus linguae*, I suddenly say, "*Six premiers*" instead of "*quatre*," and, before I can correct the mistake, the magic words, "*Rien ne va plus!*" are uttered, click goes the ball, and "Zero" turns up! Zero counts for *quatre premiers*, but not for *six premiers*, and I've lost again.

"Red's put in prison," says BYNGLEIGH. I mentally wish that he was sharing red's fate, that is while I am playing. "It'll win, you'll see."

It has been red so often, that I feel confident it can't come off this time. I tell BYNGLEIGH it was his fault that I didn't win just

now, because he jogged my elbow, and distracted me just at the critical moment.

"Oh nonsense!" he replies, with an irritating chuckle. "You go on the red."

"No, I don't care about colour. I feel an inspiration to try the middle dozen, and *impair*. It is 16 (red) which is in the first dozen. Lost again!"

"You would do it," says BYNGLEIGH, shrugging his shoulders with an air of supreme disgust at my inconceivable obstinacy. "It's no use your going on numbers. Stick to a colour."

"Which?" I ask, in despair.

"Ah," he replies, with another shrug, and a short cynical laugh—I hate a short cynical laugh—"I haven't been watching, but I should say black for choice."

Savagely I throw down one piece on black, and another I place *en transversal* 16 to 21, and, just as I am doing it, I feel a strong impulse to put it on 13—18. By a sudden impulse, and begging somebody's pardon for rubbing his ear the wrong way as I lean energetically over towards the *croupier* at the end of the table, I place a piece on the last dozen. "*Messieurs! faites le jeu! . . . Rien ne va plus!*"—it will soon be *rien ne va plus* with me—and click!—up comes 14 red. Lost on all!

"Ah," says BYNGLEIGH, smiling sardonically, "you oughtn't to have gone on the black."

"But you said black," I retort, annoyed at his perversity.

"Oh," he replies, with the same irritating cut-and-dried laugh, and the usual shrug, "you mustn't go by me."

"Look here," I say to him, in a manner which is described in the "business" of an operatic *libretto* as "with concentrated emotion,"—"look here, you bring me bad luck. I wish to goodness you'd go away." I feel that this is childish superstition. But, if you begin gambling, you'll find yourself giving in to all sorts of superstitions, and you can't help it.

BYNGLEIGH shrugs his shoulders again, and saunters off. I remain, and go on losing. Then I stop playing, just to see if I should have had any luck. I say to myself, "This time I should have put a five-franc piece on 13 and black." I stand calmly watching the table. No one puts on 13. "*Messieurs*," &c. Somebody suddenly stretches out his hand and puts a pile of gold coins on 13. "*Rien ne va plus!*" 13 by Jove!!! Now, that's worse luck than anything else. I turn away.

"*Rien ne va plus!*" I retire into a corner and reckon. Bang has gone one hundred and seventy-five francs. "*Rien ne va plus!*"

It is just on eleven, and I stop at the last table. BYNGLEIGH is here. He shows me five pieces he has just won. "I went only on red," he says, smiling triumphantly. His manner implies that I am an idiot for not having done the same as he has. "Now," he cries, "look here!" and he chuckles in anticipation of good luck, as he puts his money on red and even. It turns up black and uneven.

Bang have gone two out of his five. "The black's turn now," he says, and reaching out his hand deposits his three pieces on black. In a second it is raked up and disappears with all the other stakes, the *croupiers* descend from their perches, the servants are covering up the table, the players are dispersing, and BYNGLEIGH is left grabbing at the cloth, and exclaiming,

"Here! Hi! I hadn't any go for my money!"

But no one attends to him, the rules are inexorable, and BYNGLEIGH has lost all his hard-earned gains, and a trifle more into the bargain.

"My dear fellow," I say, not so much to console him as to rebuke him for having previously lectured me on my method of playing, and for his irritating style to me in the hour of my adversity, "there is no rule in this sort of thing. It is all luck."

"Yes," he mutters, bitterly, "and bad luck too."

"Let's go to 'Zero's,'" suggests JOHNIE SPOFFORD, coming up in a great-coat and muffler, for it is uncommonly cold. We visit "Ciro's"—popularly known as "Zero's," which is a small American-English drinking-bar, where very soon some fifty persons crowd into a small space calculated to accommodate, with careful adjustment, about thirty-five. And here we are, on a balmy moonlight night, balmy but freshish, within a stone's throw of the blue Mediterranean (which we can't see), in the land of the Sunny South, sitting in a small bar, drinking Scotch whiskey-and-water-hot, gin-sling, "John Collins," stout-and-bitter, all of which beverages are, as is well known, peculiarly characteristic of the Sunny South of Europe.

Crop v. Crop.

A CRUSADE against Rooks? To the thought ere one yields, One must see how the whole matter looks,

By comparing the "State of the Crops"—in the fields,

With the "State of the Crops"—in the rooks.

We thought our black friends deleterious vermin etc.

Pause ere the poet-loved birds you exterminate!

Let us be sure how the rooks fill their craws,

Nor silence the chorus of caws—without cause.



MY BOYS.!!

COMING OF AGE.

H.R.H. (log.) "ONLY £50,000 HAS BEEN SPENT ON HIS MOST LIBERAL EDUCATION, AND NOW THE EXTENT OF HIS ACQUIREMENTS IS WORTH DOUBLE THE SUM. GENTLEMEN, HE'S A WO-O-NDERFUL BOY! YOU WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT HIS LITTLE BROTHER, WHO IS NOT YET ABLE TO WALK ALONE, WILL BE ABSOLUTELY INDEPENDENT OF MASTER COLONIAL INSTITUTE, AGED TWENTY-ONE THIS DAY."—[Vide Speech of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Celebration of the Twenty-first Anniversary of Colonial Institute, March 13.]

A WELL-EARNED TESTIMONIAL.

LET every Theatre-goer give a hand, with plenty in it, to Mr. MADDISON MORTON, author of *Box and Cox*, and numerous first-rate farces. A Committee has been formed for the purpose of getting up a testimonial to JOHN MADDISON MORTON. Address "WALTER AMDEN, Secretary of M. M. Testimonial Fund, Terry's Theatre, 105, Strand, W.C." It is hoped that besides this Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN and his co-librettist in *Cox and Box* will be able to arrange a special performance with the assistance of Mr. D'OYLY CARTE, of this celebrated triumphviretta, which would not have existed but for JOHN MADDISON MORTON at the Savoy Theatre. By the way, Messrs. WARD AND LOCK have published a volume of *Plays for Home Performance*, by the Author of "*Box and Cox*," with a short preface by J. M. MORTON himself, and an interesting monograph by CLEMENT SCOTT. J. M. M. acknowledges his indebtedness to "French Material," and the Theatrical Bookseller and publisher, of 89, Strand, would also be willing to acknowledge his indebtedness to MADDISON MORTON for a considerable amount of dramatic work, which has contributed to his French material prosperity.

Vi et Armis.

A CRASS social tyranny dominates France,
Gainst which Common Sense seems to have scarce a chance.
Yet would she attain true Civility's goal,
She must free her fair hands from "the *Duel Control*."

ONE OF BEN TROVATO'S.—The other day the ATTORNEY-GENERAL wanted to purchase an original engraving—something of WEBSTER'S, R.A., probably—and the collector with whom he was dealing advised Sir RICHARD that the only really valuable originals were "proofs before letters." Mr. ATTORNEY gave up the case, and left the shop.

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."

(By a Prejudiced Spectator at Kennington Oval on the occasion of the Visit of the American Baseball Team, Monday, March 11, 1889.)

HUMPH! "New York Herald" wants to know what we think of the game, and sends round cards of inquiry to take our votes, eh? Hardly formed an opinion yet,—except that it's a beastly day. Wonder how "All America" and "Chicago" like playing their great national game in a fog on a mud-swamp. (No, my man, I'll not fill up the card yet. Give me time.) What a lot of left-handers! Fine-built fellows though, and natty dress. Look at that broad-shouldered chap in spotless—Bang! By Jove what a downer! He's not spotless now either; plastered with Surrey slime from neck to ankle. Doesn't seem to half like it. What are they up to? Look to me like a lot of tipsey fellows in a fog. Somebody sprawling every half minute. Find it difficult to follow the game, and as to the scoring—well, do they score at all? Br-r-r! it is cold! All out? Why, I hardly knew they were in. Score? Nothing? And after all that scampering and stumbling! Rum game this!

Ah! that's a good spank! First fair hit I've seen. But what a skyer! Caught? Why, of course; dropped into field's hand as easily as an egg into a cup. What are they doing now? Ah! there's a swipe! Run, Sir, run!!! Why, he never stirs? Foul hit? Oh! hang it all! What with misses, and fouls, and skyers, and stumbles, and other mysterious movements I can't understand, they don't seem to score at all! It may be all very scientific, but we "don't get no forrader." Yes, they do catch well, certainly, and throw straight, only nothing seems to come of it.

Pitcher throws as if he were pelting frogs in a pool. As to Catcher, he looks a cross between *Falstaff*, a fencer, and a Thames diver. Game resembles a glorified—and more dangerous—Rounders, only nobody has made a "rounder" yet, as far as I can see. Gr-r-r! it's cold, yes, and "slow," distinctly slow! Without the prolonged charm of cricket, or the swift, short excitement of football, but with all the tedium of the one, and all the mud-tumbling of the other. Will that do for our N. Y. H. friend? Hardly, I fear.

What, all over? Why, they've done nothing yet. Oh! interval of ten minutes, eh? To take breath, and talk to the PRINCE, I suppose. Hope H.R.H. enjoys it inside the Pavilion. I don't outside. "Perfect frost?" "Utter fraud?" "Game for kids?" "Boo-hiest business I ever saw?" Well, well, Gentlemen, I won't say I don't agree with you, to a certain extent; but don't put these sentiments down on the N. Y. H. cards. It might lead to—well, a breach of International Amity, eh?

Out again? Well, let's hope they'll make it a little more lively this time. Don't look as spick-and-span as they did at first. Too much Oval mud about them. Why are they *always* tumbling over those indiarubber hot-water cushions—(oh! bases are they?)—and dirtying themselves so dreadfully? Part of the game? Humph! Probable, but hardly explanatory. Hooray! First genuine cheer of the afternoon. Good hit, that; what, at Cricket, we should call a "swipe to the boundary," for—how many, four or six is it? Eh! What? Game altogether only five to two? Oh! dash it all, that's too draggy. Worse than SCOTTON at the wickets.

Humph! Slow again. And, by Jove, half the Spectators have "mizzled," like the rain. Think I shall do likewise, for I'm cold as ice, can't see anything but muddle and mist, and don't feel to care much for seeing anything more. Eh? Game's at an end? Well, well—and who's won? Don't know? Neither do I—nor care. Smart fellows, quick as cats, and straight as catapults. Should think they'd make splendid "fields," rattling "throws in," and superb "catches"—at Cricket. But their skill all seems chucked away at this game. "More scientific than Cricket?" Boah! "Likely to be popular in this country?" Walker! Fancy a grown-up Rounders, with few hits and scarcely any score, superseding Willow and Stumps! Don't understand the game? Well, no, I daresay not, and up to now, somehow, I don't seem to want to.

Oh! "Chicago" won, did she? Bully for Chicago! No, my man. I will not fill up the N. Y. H. card, thankye! Never "down upon" a fellow's wife, children, wine, cigars, country, or favourite game! I love America, but if I gave my true opinion about Baseball it might not be flattering enough to make public for a penny. And now, for a 'nip!"



Base Bawl.



TROP DE ZÈLE.

Jones (who is canvassing the Borough). "OH, WHAT A VERY CHARMING BABY! I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN SUCH AN INTEREST IN VERY YOUNG CHILDREN. A—HOW OLD IS IT?"
 Elector's Wife (with pride). "ONLY JUST FOURTEEN WEEKS, SIR!" Jones. "REALLY! A—AND IS IT YOUR YOUNGEST?"

MR. MIDSHIPMAN UN-EASY;

OR, MISCHIEF AFLOAT.

First Middy. Come along, CHARLIE! There's nobody looking. Won't we have a lark with the old Commodore's Big Gun?

Second M. Well—ahem, RANDOM—I—ah—don't quite know (hesitates).

First M. Don't quite know? Then, what are you here for? Thought we were in the same boat this time, CHARLIE. You don't mean to say you funk it, after all?

Second M. Not a bit of it. But what is your little game, RANDOM?

First M. Our little game, you mean. Why, to spike the Commodore's Big Gun, to be sure. Preposterous old piece of ordnance, though the old potterer is so fond of it. Yah!

Second M. Well, I don't think very much of it myself, I must say. 'Tisn't the sort of Gun I should like to see run out for action. But as to spiking it,—well, don't you see that's a strong order, RANDOM. Besides, what good will it do?

First M. (derisively). What good? Well, CHARLIE, you are a chap! Thought you had more devilry in you than that. (Sings.)

Goosey, goosey, gander!
 Don't stay there and ponder,
 You can't be the plucky chap
 Who fought aboard the Condor!

Second M. Well, you see, RANDOM, I don't like the Gun, but I don't want to betray the ship or upset the Admiral.

First M. (sneeringly). Don't you, now, Master Goodchild? Nor yet have a dig at that cocky duffer, GEORGE HAMILTON, I suppose, or a fling at spouty FORWOOD, or give ARTHUR HOOD one in the wind? Oh, you are a good boy, CHARLIE! Haven't GEORGE and the rest of them been putting the kibosh on us for ever so long, saying that all was serene with the old Barky, and that we were troublesome youngsters, who wanted a good rope's-ending? Haven't they smuggled up to the Commodore and got us put out in the cold? And now, after stultifying themselves by admitting we were right

all the time in saying the ship wanted fresh armament, this paltry pea-shooter is their Big Gun, the best they can do! Why, CHARLIE, you can't have the spirit of a powder-monkey to stand it.

Second M. Well, I must confess it isn't my idea of a Big Gun! But, after all, half a loaf is better than no bread.

First M. Bah! Copybook Cant, CHARLIE. You've been sitting at the feet of OLD MORALITY. Burst up this bad Big 'Un, and they'll be forced to get a better.

Second M. And meanwhile?

First M. Meanwhile—we shall have a jolly lark, to be sure. Ah, CHARLIE, this isn't the sort of chat you gave us last voyage, when GEORGE HAMILTON sat upon you so cheekily in spite of my backing you up. I began a fight with the Big-Wigs two years ago, and I'm not going to back down, as you seem inclined to do.

Georgie-Porgie, RANDOM's fly
 Means to land you one in the eye.
 Guess that when I've had my say,
 Georgie-Porgie'll run away.

Hope you won't do ditto, Master CHARLIE!

Second M. No fear! But I'm not going to round on the Admiral or betray the ship, RANDOM. That seems your racket, as far as I can make out. You're such a restless kind of a Midshipmite, you are. Larks are all very well, but spiking guns and scuttling ships go a bit beyond a joke. I should like to see the old ship with a better Big Gun; but, till she's got it, I'm not going to spike this; so I tell you. It seems to me, as the song says, that a true sailor should be

All as one as a part of his ship.

First M. (impatiently). Bah! You're not half a chap, CHARLIE!

Infirm of purpose, give me the—spikes!

I mean to have a try, anyhow. So here goes!

"THE 'COPPER' RING."—Sulky Policeman about Charing Cross refusing to interfere. [See recent articles on West End after Midnight, and Police Reports, *passim*.]

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 23, 1889.



THE GOVERNMENT BIG GUN.

MASTER GRAMHOLETH (Mr. Gladstone as-Kay), "WHAT!—NOT SPIKE IT, CHARLIE?—OH, YOU AIN'T HALF A CHAP!—I'LL HAVE A TRY!"

ECHOES OF THE STREET.

"On afternoons, in London streets,
The Winner is proclaimed by boys;
And ev'ry wretched lad one meets,
Flouts Losers with prodigious noise!"
The Saladmonger.

WHEN the day is nigh done,
And good folks have begun
To think they will homeward be strolling—
Comes a voice, does there not?
Through cab-clatter, I wot,
And busses eternally rolling;



It is piercing and shrill,
And proclaims with a will
Much comfort for toiler and spinner;
You know, without doubt,
From the news-vendor's shout,
That someone or something 's a
"Winner!"

If times have been bad,
And you're sulky or sad,
While little enough in your purse is,
If a victim to fate,
You can naught contemplate
But unbroken chains of reverses:
If you're feeling put out,
Or you're threatened with gout,
(As trying to saint as to sinner),
You are apt to get riled,
For it makes you so wild,
To hear such a shouting of "Winner!"

If you've just had to part
With the girl of your heart,
Who better loves some other fella;
If the rain-clouds descend,
And you find that your friend
Has taken your silken umbrella;
If you hail cabs in vain,
As you trudge through the rain,
While late, minutes thirty, for dinner—
How you'd like then to flay
Those young imps, by the way,
Who wildly ejaculate "Winner!"

When, in spite of the cram,
You ne'er pass your exam.,
When plays you've annexed are detected;
When your novel's a frost,
Your election is lost;
Or your wonderful picture rejected—
Still each urchin will yowl
O'er your downfall, and howl—
Like a fiend o'er your fate he's a grinner—
He will gaily rejoice
At the top of his voice,
And blithely vociferate, "Winner!"

THE attempt of his Servian friends to get M. PASCHITCH, the celebrated outlaw, whose only fitness for the post is supplied by the fact that he has been frequently chased across country by *gendarmes* for acts of brigandage, appointed Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, appears, as might have been expected, to have created a considerable hitch in the recent settlement of affairs at Belgrade. It need hardly be added that the *hitch* in question was supplied in the person of M. PASCHITCH himself.

THE ICE CARNIVAL.—According to the rather chilly reports we've seen, the Ice Carnival appears to have started with more or less of a frost. Rather a dull affair if contrasted with A Nice Carnival.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

(New Economic Version. For the use of Cheap Patriots and Purblind Party Spouters.)

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of our land,
And guardian Chancellors sang this strain:
Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the waves—
Provided always that her cash she saves!
Nations not half so rich as thee
Must pay up sharp, or prostrate fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free—
On blunders big and taxes small!
Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

Still Mammon-nurtured shalt thou rise,
Whilst other nations are stone-broke;
Absorbed in small economies,
Deriding danger as a joke.
Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

These haughty tyrant ne'er shall tame;
His fleets shall sink, his tars shall drown;
Whilst, vowed to the gold-grubbing game,
Our Crown we risk—to save a crown.
Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

To thee belongs the God of Gain,
Commerce's golden grain thou'lt reap,
And thine shall be the subject main—
If thou canst rule it on the cheap!
Rule, BRITANNIA, &c.

The Muses, mute as a dumb hound
For thy bare coasts feel scarce a care;
Blest Isle, where blundering knaves abound,
Burst guns, and ships that need repair!
Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rule the waves,
Whilst Factions fight, and the Exchequer
saves!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"WHAT 's the odds so long as you're happy?" is a popular quotation, but, like many popular quotations, its meaning is not absolutely clear. We would, however, vary the phrase, and say, "Take Long Odds if you'd wish to be happy!" Possibly, from a sporting point of view, this may be not altogether correct; but from a literary standpoint it is an "absolute moral." HAWLEY SMART has now contributed over a quarter of a hundred stories for the delectation of the reading public, and this one, his latest, shows no diminution in his power as a novelist. *Long Odds*, though in three volumes, oddly enough, never seems long; it is full of dash and sparkle, and thoroughly amusing from start to finish.

"Pickwick and Principle, always be thorough; Hie thee, boy, hie thee, away to the Borough!" So sings Mr. ARTHUR CECIL in the Dramatic Cantata at the Comedy Theatre, and this might almost be adopted as the motto of a most interesting and valuable volume, entitled, *The Inns of Old Southwark*. Both Mr. WILLIAM RENDLE, with his pen, and Mr. PHILIP NORMAN, with his pencil, have hied them away to the Borough to some purpose, and they have always been thorough. No pains have been spared to be exact down to the most minute details; and yet the terrible statistical dryness which is the characteristic of most books treating of antiquarian subjects, is altogether absent. Mr. RENDLE's knowledge of Southwark, like Mr. Weller's acquaintance with London, is "extensive and peculiar." He had an intimate knowledge of

the old Inns in the old days, long before the Demon Demolition had commenced what it is fashionable to call "improvement;" he has an excellent memory; he has an intimate knowledge of "authorities;" and he is teeming with lore concerning the old quarter and its associations. In his work he has been admirably seconded by Mr. NORMAN, who, besides contributing some of the best pictures in the volume, has superintended and arranged the whole of the illustrations which accompany the text.

THE LAY OF THE LADY CANVASSER.

A Study in Social Development.

WHEN lovely Woman stoops to touting
For Party votes, her pleasant way
Is different from the male's mad shouting,
But still she has her little say.

She does not stand at
the street-corner
And wave her arms
like semaphores,
Of "chuckers" she is
no suborner;
By other little tricks
she scores.



She "takes a book"
(and well she
knows it),
And on her canvas sallies forth;
And by St. Jingo how she "goes it"
From East to West, from South to North!

Amongst the poorest of the Voters,
In humblest "diggings" she will pop;
She shrinks not from the smell of "bloaters,"
She shuns not the cheap barber's shop.

To her affairs of State are riddles,
Not hers to know or reason well,
But oh! the awful taradiddles,
The Lady Canvasser can tell!

She tells them with tremendous unction,
She tells them with a smiling face;
You'd think bold lying was the function
Designed by Nature for her race.

She fibs not feebly; no small "cracker,"
No timid trifling with the true.
She outs with some colossal "whacker,"
And sticks to it till all is blue.

With open mouth the workmen's spouses
Listen to "proofs" of GLADSTONE'S crimes;
The small shopkeeper's wife she rouses
With awful tales about the "Times."

"That rival Candidate," she gurgles
Into the Voter's ready ear,
"Is a bad man; 'tis thought he burgles,
'Tis known that he gets drunk—on beer!"

"He beats his wife, he *was* a waiter,
He is an awful atheist,
To our good QUEEN at heart he's traitor!"
Such hideous "facts" who could resist?

As to insidious suggestions
Of nameless sins—with such she teems;
Her whispered and soul-withering questions
Haunt honest Voters in their dreams.

And so, unscrupulous, seductive,
Our latest Siren proudly floats
On Party waves, with wiles obstructive
Of truth, but telling much on—Votes.

Development? Some social DARWIN
May show the genesis of her,
Meanwhile they who would Party war win,
Can't slight the Lady Canvasser.

MOTTO FOR AN OLD POET ABOUT TO PUBLISH.
—"See me re-verse!"

ADMITTED BY BOTH PARTIES.—The present
state of Kennington,—Hope-less.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 61.



ROUGH SKETCH OF THE CONSERVATIVES BELOW THE GANGWAY.

MORE DISCLAIMERS.

MR. FROUDE, having written to a Correspondent to say that he had been recently converted to a belief in Home Rule, there is no further reason why the following letters from other distinguished writers should not also be made public:—

SIR,—There is no truth whatever in the report that I have determined to "give up Science," and have enrolled myself as a Member of the "Salvation Army." Whilst there are knaves in the world, such statements will occasionally be made, and, whilst there are fools extant, I suppose I shall be troubled by being asked to contradict them. The further reports that you mention—to the effect that I am about to publish a book, entitled *Genesis; an Answer to the Pseudo-scientific Attacks of Arrogant Agnostics*, that I contemplate entering a Monastery at Jerusalem, and that I have adopted a hair-shirt next to the skin, by advice of "General" BOOTH, are equally silly, and devoid of foundation. You can make what use you like of this letter. It is the last you will get from
Yours crustily,
T. H.-X.-Y.

To P. PAY, Esq., Coventry.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose it is the distance from the centres of information at which you reside that causes you to be so strangely ignorant of my opinions on Home Rule and the Parnell Commission. You may certainly contradict the rumour which you say you have heard, that I am writing a magazine article in defence of the Ministry, and of Sir RICHARD WENSTER in particular; also that I am about to stand for Parliament in the Conservative interest, and as an "out-and-out supporter of the Unionist Government." It is true that my services to the Gladstonian party—of which you seem curiously unaware—fully entitle me to election by some enlightened constituency; but at present, and until that constituency turns up, I must content myself with newspaper Philippics.

Yours positively,
FREDERIC H.-R.-S.-N.

P.S.—Be careful about the spelling of "FREDERIC," if you have this letter printed. The last time that I saw a K added to my Christian name I remained senseless for five hours.

S. MACPHERSON, Esq., *The Hermitage, Mull.*

SIR,—The shortest way of answering your silly letter is to contradict each statement *seriatim*. I have not "in a fit of tardy repentance ordered my booksellers to destroy all the historical works I have ever written." I have not given up "History," nor do I intend "devoting myself in future to the production of cheap sensational fiction." I have not altered all my opinions as to the unspeakable nature of Turks owing to the decoration of the Third Order of the Medjidie having been conferred upon me. I have not been insulted by being offered any such decoration.
Yours categorically,
E. A. FR-M-N.

COLE NEIGH HATCH, Esq.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 11.—STANHOPE made statement on introducing Army Estimates. Able, clear, and succinct; most cheering account all round; we've got the men, we've got the guns, only want the money too. A trifle over half a million in advance on last year's estimates was what STANHOPE asked for, a mere nothing compared with state of perfection to which Army being miraculously brought.

"Not very well up in Army matters," said Sir W. LAWSON, "but confess this puzzles me. Only other day we heard from the Colonels that we couldn't put an Army Corps in field under a month, that our forts were ill-manned, badly gunned, things generally gone to the dogs. Now STANHOPE makes out that we're invulnerable and irresistible. Like to hear Our Only General on the subject."

GRANDOLPH sitting in corner seat worrying his moustache. Sat there in same attitude last Thursday when GEORGE HAMILTON brought in Navy Estimates. When he'd finished, jumped up and demolished him. Having thus finished off First Lord of the Admiralty, how would he deal with Secretary of State for War? OLD MORALITY, nervously rubbing his hands, turned from time to time and furtively regarded countenance of his young old friend.

"What do you think?" he whispered to GOSCHEN, "Is the Young Min friendly?"

"Probably not," said JOACHIM, with vivid recollection of Thursday night when GRANDOLPH,



The Woolwich Infant.



THE FINE OLD SPIRIT.

"BUT IF YOU REALLY THINK JONES HAS INJURED YOU, MY DEAR FELLOW, WHY NOT CONSULT SOME CLEVER LAWYER?"

"LAWYER, INDEED! WITH MEN OF MY STAMP, THE ONLY POSSIBLE REPLY TO A MAN OF JONES'S, IS THE HORSEWHIP, SINCE IT CAN NO LONGER BE THE SWORD!"

thirsting for Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's blood, rudely brushed JOACHIM aside in springing on him.

But GRANDOLPH a great Parliamentary artist. Knows nothing so depressing as monotony. If he had not smitten HAMILTON hip and thigh on Thursday, he might, to-night, have torn STANHOPE to tatters. Having appeared with success in one character on Thursday, judged it best to select another for Monday. Accordingly, bespattered STANHOPE with praise. Declared he had never listened to a statement of the kind with more satisfaction; resumed seat amid murmur of grateful applause from Treasury Bench; whilst Opposition smiled a knowing smile.

Business done.—Army Estimates.

Tuesday.—Morning Sitting to discuss Army Estimates. Proposition being nothing more important than to vote £5,400,000 in shape of Army wage, attendance strictly limited. No one anything particular to say, except, perhaps, PICTON and CREMER. These high military authorities having gone into the matter, come to conclusion that STANHOPE's proposals are quite unnecessary. So far from increasing Army forces, PICTON would decrease number of men; moved Amendment to that effect; CREMER of same opinion. STANHOPE, having also gone into matter, stood by his propositions, and military men taking part in Debate cruelly ignored Amendment before Committee.

Whilst PICTON speaking, Colonel HUGHES, of Woolwich, performed original and striking strategic movement. PICTON talking disrespectfully of improving the make of guns when the Woolwich Infant appeared in doorway, which he temporarily blocked; moving slowly down floor he got into position on eminence facing enemy. Could have blown 'em all clean away if he could only have gone off. But the SPEAKER, probably fearing con-

sequences, withheld match, and Opposition escaped. But demonstration equally effective and weighty. "A twenty-three-tonner, at least," said DUFF, admiringly gazing over bulging proportions of the voiceless Infant. Vote for men carried only after Closure. OLD MORALITY quite apologetic in moving it. "I am under the necessity," he said, "of moving that the Question be now put."

Very different from old times, when he used to be always on the pounce. This carried vote for men; but STANHOPE wanted money too, and urged that the few moments remaining might be utilised for passing vote. This was enticing opportunity for CURSE OF CAMBORNE to rise.



"Off with the Hostile Captain's Head!"

Thrust hands deep in trousers' pockets, as he has seen corner men do, and, scowling darkly around, began speech calculated to occupy rest of sitting, and leave Government moneyless. But this was only CONYBEARE's fun; didn't really mean to do anything, but couldn't resist opportunity of remarking that "the Government is a discredited and disgraced faction, who know that they appear in the face of public opinion with a halter round their necks."

LECHMERE, who had first place at evening sitting for a motion with respect to public hangman, showed disposition to regard this as personal question. But he was kept out of the fray, and vote agreed to.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Wednesday.—Missed JOSEPH GILLIS a good deal this Session. Like distinguished countryman, JOSEPH GILLIS cannot be in two places at the same time—unless he were a bird. A very shrewd sly old bird is JOSEPH B., devilish sly. Dropped in this afternoon on his way home from Probate Court. Smiled grimly at BALFOUR and his declaration that "not humanity, but politics" is at bottom of all the bother kicked up about treatment of O'BRIEN in prison. Heard with approval JOHN MORLEY's brief and trenchant reply. Went out to Division, but did not follow the giddy throng who thereafter hastened home. JOSEPH GILLIS resumed his seat, leaned his expressive head on his generously open palm; his two eyes twinkled like stars as he watched OLD MORALITY packing up his copybook headings, getting ready to trot off with all the eager



Smile and smile to be a Member for Liverpool.

delight of a schoolboy. Six o'clock close at hand; nothing more could possibly be added to the cares and worries of the day; House almost empty; hand of clock approaching six, when Adjournment must necessarily take place; pleased expression on OLD MORALITY's face grew in quiet intensity; SPEAKER, with eye on clock just rising to declare House adjourned; half a minute to six; and behold! JOSEPH GILLIS on his feet, with right arm outstretched signalling the SPEAKER to resume the Chair. Through the quietened House rang the familiar voice: "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I wish to ask the Right Hon. Gentleman, the First Lord of the Treasury, if he will cause Messrs. W. H. SMITH & Co. to be prosecuted for selling libels?"

The SPEAKER: "The question is that the House do now adjourn." That was his remark, not at first sight *à propos*, but quite effective. Remaining Members trooped out; JOSEPH GILLIS radiant with delight, OLD MORALITY an older and a sadder man. *Business done.*—Prisoners (Ireland) Bill thrown out by 259 votes against 193.

Thursday.—In Committee all night on Naval Estimates. CHARLIE BEREAFORD a good deal to the fore. Incidentally defines a naval engagement. "One of the principal objects in war," he says, "is to knock the hostile Captain's head off." This way of putting it greatly inspires Committee. Proceeded with celerity to vote £3,201,700, wages of men and officers; and a trifle of £1,061,000 for clothing and victualling. "There," says WHITELY, smiling his

smile, clasping his knees with his hands, "they ought to knock a good many hostile Captains' heads off for that."

JOHN LUNBOCK perambulating House in search of GOSCHEN, who keeps out of way. Wants to get definite pledge from him that he means to deal in his Budget with the question of light sovereigns. "Why should we be behind a wretched little country like Servia?" says honest JOHN. "What do they do when they get a light Sovereign? Why, they change him; and that's what I want GOSCHEN to do with our light sovereigns." *Business done.*—Army Estimates.

Friday.—After dramatic disappearance of Dr. TANNER, a fortnight ago, and subsequent references to his sandwiches and cigars at Scotland Yard, general impression been that he was comfortably in prison. But the ways of Irish prisons past finding out. TANNER turned up to-night in ordinary dress; no signs of manacles about him; hair cropped short, it is true, but that was matter of precaution voluntarily taken when crisis seemed imminent.

"I won't," said the Doctor, when prison-gates loomed close at hand, "leave BALFOUR an eighth of an inch of hair." Nor did he. Personal appearance, for some days before final retirement, suggestive of having had his head scalded. But the prison barber certainly circumvented. Buzzing about to-night with gigantic green rosette in button-hole. As House adjourns, wants to know from CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER whether any intelligence has been received respecting Kennington Election? GOSCHEN stares grimly straight before him, and House adjourned. *Business done.*—None.

"SPRING'S DELIGHTS."

"Spring's delights are now returning,"—and though they return somewhat slowly, as far as genial weather, flowers, early vegetables, and sunlight are concerned, they return with unusual vigour at the



Artful Dodger among the Pictures.

Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolours in Piccadilly. Though we are still wandering about in fur coats, though umbrellas cannot be dispensed with, and though spring blossoms are scarce and weak, we find spring—pictures at these pleasant galleries uncommonly numerous and unusually strong. Sir JAMES LIXTON and his merry men seem to have waterproof constitutions and mackintosh minds, and are quite indifferent to any meteorological influences. The gruesome climate and the hideous dark days we have experienced for so many weeks past seem to only have exhilarated them and spurred them on to greater efforts. The great charm of these rooms is that they are light, spacious, and airy, that there are comfortable seats, and that every picture is hung where it can be seen. At some shows we are grateful for the "skying" of pictures. At the Institute we should not be, for there are very few bad pictures in the collection. Among the notable contributions may be mentioned those by the President, Messrs. KEELEY HALSWELL, FULLYLOVE, W. L. WILLIE, W. L. THOMAS, SEVERN, ORRICK, MAY, C. J. LEWIS, YEEND KING, EDWIN HAYES, CHARLES CATTENMOLE, CHARLES GREEN, DOLLMAN, CAFFERI, J. A. FITZGERALD, TOWNLEY GREEN, GORDON BROWNE, J. NASH, HOBBS, KILBURN, PYNE, HATHERELL, WARDLE, CARLTON SMITH, W. LANGLEY, F. M. EVANS, EAST, AUMONIER, STANLAND, and E. J. GREGORY. There are over eight hundred contributions, and the show is one of the best the Institute has collected since they have been at their present gallery.

Spring's delights also return in considerable force and variety at the French Gallery. Mr. WALLIS has reared a very attractive collection of exotics in his pleasant conservatory at Pall-Mall. Though the collection is not large, it is choice, and the eye does not become weary, or the brain fatigued. Here one can emulate Mrs. Blimber, and become a bee, and sip sweets pictorial, as she desired to have a tasting order amid authors classical. We can improve each shining hour, and flit from MEISSONIER to HOLMBERG, and from HOLMBERG to HEFFNER with huge content. We can gather artistic honey all the day, if we are so minded, from JOSEF ISRAELS, FIELE, PORTZELBERGER, ADAM, DE HAAS, DE MUNKACZY, KRÄMER, MOULINET, VON SPANTI, OEHMICHEN, WAHLBERG, BERTRAND, COROT, MUNTZ, DUVERGER, AUGUSTE BONHEUR, BENTLUIRE, and Mrs. BENTHAM HAY. A pleasant pictorial banquet, well ordered, and excellently served, which is not likely to interfere with the most critical of digestions.

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